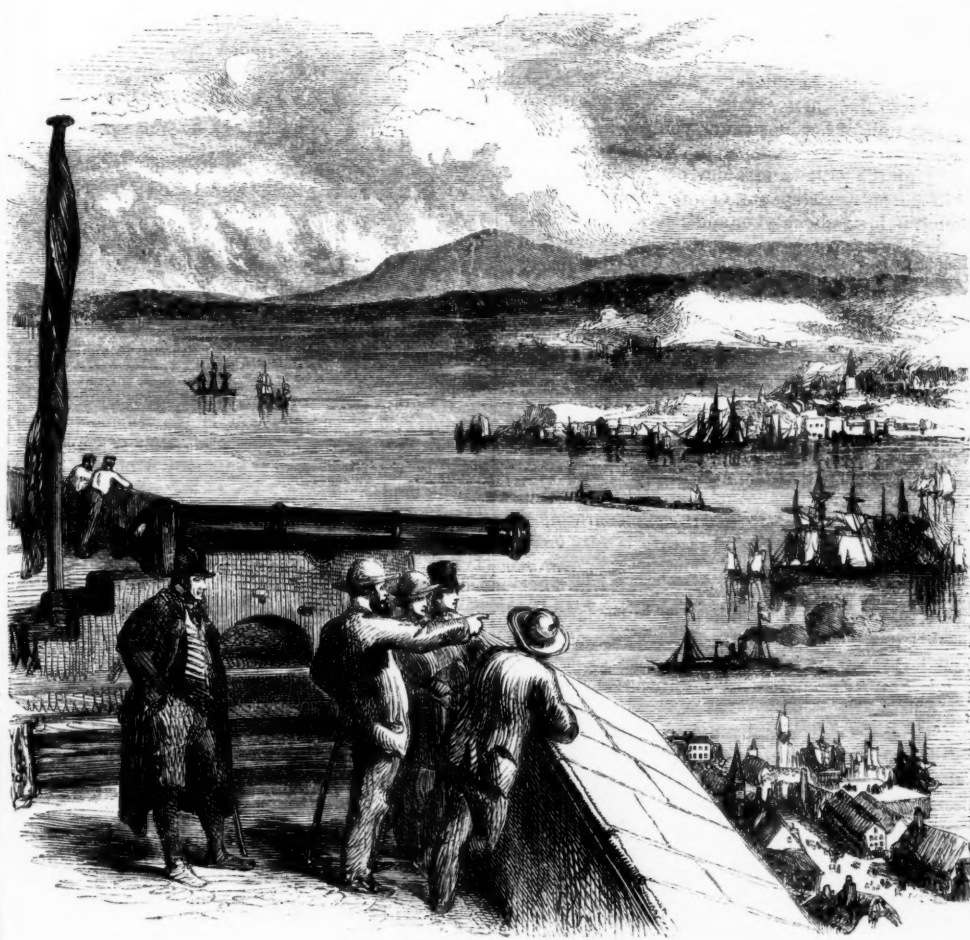


# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



QUEBEC FROM THE CITADEL.

## CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.

A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER V.—DEBARKATION.

THE chill of foreignness and loneliness which had been creeping over Robert Wynn's sensations since he had entered the strange city, was dissipated as if a cloud had suddenly lifted off. The friendly

face of the colossal Canadian beaming a welcome upon him, with that broad sunshiny smile which seems immediately to raise the temperature of the surrounding air, did certainly warm his heart, and nerve it too. He was not altogether a stranger in a strange land.

"And so you've followed my advice! bravo, young blood! You'll never be sorry for adopting Canada as your country. Now, what are your

plans?" bestowing an aside left-hand grasp upon Arthur. "Can Hiram Holt help you? Have the old people come out? So much the better; they would only cripple you in the beginning. Wait till your axe has cut the niche big enough. You push on for the west, I suppose?"

All these inquiries in little longer than a breath; while he wrung Robert's hand at intervals with a heartiness and power of muscle which almost benumbed the member.

"We have letters to friends on Lake Erie, and to others on Lake Simcoe," said Robert, rescuing his hand, which tingled, and yet communicated a very pleasurable sensation to his heart. "We had not quite decided on our line of march."

"Well, how did you come? Emigrant vessel?"

Adopting the laconic also, Robert nodded, and said it was their first day in Quebec.

"Get quit of her as soon as you can; haul your traps ashore, and come along with me. I'll be going up the Ottawa in a day or two, home; and 'twill be only a step out of your way westward. You can look about you, and see what Canadian life is like for a few weeks; the longer, the more welcome to Hiram Holt's house. Is that fixed?"

Robert was beginning to thank him warmly—

"Now, shut up, young man; I distrust a fellow that has much palaver. You look too manly for it. I calculate your capital ain't much above your four hands between you?"

Arthur was rather discomfited at a query so pointed, and so directly penetrating the proud British reserve about monetary circumstances; but Robert, knowing that the motive was kind-hearted, and the manner just that of a straightforward unconventional settler, replied: "You are nearly right, Mr. Holt; our capital in cash is very small; but I hope stout bodies and stout hearts are worth something."

"What would you think of a bush farm? I think I heard you say you had some experience on your father's farm in Ireland?"

"My father's estate, sir," began Arthur, reddening a little.

Holt measured him by a look, but not one of displeasure. "Farms in Canada grow into estates," said he: "by industry and push, I shouldn't be surprised if you became a landed proprietor yourself before your beard is stiff." Arthur had as yet no symptom of that manly adornment, though anxiously watching for the down. The backwoodsman turned to Robert.

"Government lands are cheap enough, no doubt; four shillings an acre, and plenty of them. If you're able, I'd have you venture on that speculation. Purchase-money is payable in ten years; that's a good breathing-time for a beginner. But can you give up all luxuries for awhile, and eat bread baked by your own hands, and sleep in a log-hut on a mess of juniper boughs, and work hard all day at clearing the eternal forests, foot by foot?"

"We can," answered Arthur, eagerly. His brother's assent was not quite so vivacious.

Hiram Holt thought within himself how soon the ardent young spirit might tire of that monotony of labour; how distasteful the utter loneliness and

uneventfulness of forest life might become to the undisciplined lad, accustomed, as he shrewdly guessed, to a petted and idling boyhood.

"Well said, young fellow. For three years I can't say, well done; though I hope I may have that to add also."

By this time they had passed from the Market-square to the Esplanade, overhanging the Lower Town, and which commands a view almost matchless for extent and varied beauty. At this hour the shades of evening were settling down, and tinging with sombre hues the colouring of the landscape: over the western edge the sun had sunk; far below, the noble river lay in black shadow and a single gleaming band of dying daylight, as it crept along under the fleets of ships.

Indistinct as the details were becoming, the outlined masses were grander for the growing obscurity, and Robert could not restrain an exclamation of "Magnificent!"

"Well, I won't deny but it is handsome," said Mr. Holt, secretly gratified; "I never expect to see anything like it for situation, whatever other way it's deficient. Now I'm free to confess it's only a village to your London, for forty thousand wouldn't be missed out of two or three millions; but bigness ain't the only beauty in the world, else I'd be a deal prettier than my girl Bell, who's not much taller than my walking-stick, and the fairest lass in our township."

The adjective "pretty" seemed so ridiculously inappropriate to one of Mr. Holt's dimensions and hairy development of face, that Robert could not forbear a smile. But the Canadian had returned to the landscape.

"Quebec is the key of Canada, that's certain; and so Wolfe and Montcalm knew, when they fought their duel here for the prize."

Arthur pricked up his ears at the celebrated names. "Oh, Bob, we must try and see the battle-field," he exclaimed, being fresh from Goldsmith's celebrated manual of English history.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Holt. "It lies west on top of the chain of heights flanking the river. A monument to the generals stands near here, in the castle gardens, with the names on opposite sides of the square block. To be sure! how death levels us all! Lord Dalhousie built that obelisk when he was governor, in 1827. You see, as it is the only bit of history we possess, we never can commemorate it enough; so there's another pillar on the plains."

Lights began to appear in the vessels below, reflected as long brilliant lines in the glassy deeps. "Perhaps we ought to be getting back to the ship," suggested Robert, "before it is quite dark."

"Of course you are aware that this is the aristocratic section of the town," said Mr. Holt, as they turned to retrace their steps. "Here the citizens give themselves up to pleasure and politics, while the Lower Town is the business place. The money is made there which is spent here; and when our itinerating legislature comes round, Quebec is very gay, and considerably excited."

"Itinerating legislature! what's that?" asked Arthur.

"Why, you see, in 1840 the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were legally united, their representatives met in the same House of Assembly, and so forth. Kingston was made the capital, as a central point; however, last year—'49—the famous device of itineration was introduced, by which, every four years, his Excellency the Governor and the Right Honourable Parliament move about from place to place, like a set of travelling showmen."

"And when will Quebec's turn come?"

"In '51—next year. The removal of court patronage is said to have injured the city greatly: like all half-and-half measures, it pleases nobody. Toronto growls, and Kingston growls, and Quebec growls, and Montreal growls; Canada is in a state of chronic dissatisfaction, so far as the towns go. For myself, I never feel at home in Quebec; the lingo of the *habitans* puzzles me, and I'm not used to the dark narrow streets."

"Are you a member of the parliament, Mr. Holt?" asked Arthur.

"No, though I might be," replied Hiram, raising his hat for a moment from his masses of grizzled hair. "I've been town reeve many times, and county warden once. The neighbours wanted to nominate me for the House of Assembly, and son Sam would have attended to the farms and mills; but I had that European trip in my eye, and didn't care. Ah, I see you look at the post-office, young fellow," as they passed that building just outside the gate of the Upper Town wall; "don't get homesick already on our hands; there are no post-offices in the bush."

Arthur looked slightly affronted at this speech, and, to assert his manliness, could have resigned all letters for a twelvemonth. Mr. Holt walked on with a preoccupied air until he said:—

"I must go now; I have an appointment; but I'll be on board to-morrow at noon. The brig 'Ocean Queen,' of Cork, you say? Now your path is right down to Champlain Street; you can't lose your way. Good-bye," and his receding figure was lost in the dusk, with mighty strides.

"He's too bluff," said Arthur, resenting thus the one or two plain-spoken sentences that had touched himself.

"But sound and steady, like one of his own forest pines," said Robert.

"We have yet to test that," rejoined Arthur, with some truth. "I wonder shall we ever find the house into which Andy was decoyed; those wooden ranges are all the image of one another. I am just as well pleased he wasn't mooning after us through the Upper Town during the daylight; for, though he's such a worthy fellow, he hasn't exactly the cut of a gentleman's servant. We must deprive him of that iligant new frize top-coat, with its three capes, till it is fashioned into a civilized garment."

Mr. Pat M'Donagh's mansion was wooden—one of a row of such, situate near the dockyard in which he wrought. Andy was already on the look-out from the doorstep; and, conscious that he had been guilty of sundry acts of jollification, behaved with such meek silence and constrained decorum, that

his masters guessed the cause, and graciously con-  
vinced at his slinking to his berth as soon as he was up the ship's side.

But when Mr. Wynn walked forward next morning to summon Andy's assistance for his luggage, he found that gentleman the focus of a knot of passengers, to whom he was imparting information in his own peculiar way. "Throth, an' he talks like a book itself," was the admiring comment of a woman with a child on one arm, while she crammed her tins into her red box with the other.

"Every single ha'porth is wood, I tell ye, barrin' the grates; an' tisin't grates they are at all, but shtoves. Sure, I saw 'em at Pat M'Donagh's, as black as twelve o'clock at night, an' no more a sign of a blaze out of 'em than there's light from a blind man's eye; an' 'tisn't turf nor coal they burns, but only wood agin. It's I that wud sooner see the plentiful hearths of ould Ireland, where the turf fire cooks the vittles dacently! Oh wirra! why did we ever lave it!"

But Mr. Wynn intercepted the rising chorus by the simple dissyllable, "Andy!"

"Sir, yer honour!" wheeling round, and suddenly resuming a jocose demeanour; "I was only jokin' about bein' back. I must be kapin' up their sperits, the crathurs, that dunno what's before them at all at all; only thinks they're to be all gintlemin an' ladies." This, as he followed his master towards the cabins: "Whisht here, Misther Robert," lowering his tone confidentially. "You'd laugh if you heard what they think they're goin' to get. Coinin' wud be nothin' to it. That red-headed Biddy Flanagan" (Andy's own chevelure was of carrot tinge, yet he never lost an opportunity of girding at those like-haired), "who couldn't wash a pair of stockins if you gev her a goold guinea, expects twenty pound a-year an' her keep, at the very laste; and Murty Keefe the labourin' boy, that could just trench a ridge of praties, thinks nothin' of tin shillins a-day. They have it all laid out among them iligant. Mrs. Mulrooney is lookin' out for her carriage byne-by; an' they were abusin' me for not sayin' I'd cut an' run from yer honours, now that I'm across."

"Well, Andy, I'd be sorry to stand in the way of your advancement—"

"Me lave ye, Misther Robert!" in accents of unfeigned surprise; "not unless ye drove me with a whip an' kicked me—is it yer poor fosterer Andy Callaghan? Masther Bob, asthore, ye're all the counthry I have now, an' all the frinds; an' I'll hold by ye, if it be plasín, as long as I've strenth to strike a spade."

Tears actually stood in the faithful fellow's eyes. "I believe you, Andy," said his master, giving his hand to the servant for a grasp of friendship, which, if it oftener took place between the horny palm of labour and the whiter fingers of the higher born would be for the cementing of society by such recognition of human brotherhood.

When Andy had all their luggage on deck in order for the boats, he came up mysteriously to Mr. Wynn, where he stood by the taffrail.

"There's that poor young lady strivin' an' strugglin' to regulate them big boxes, an' her good-for-

nothin' father an' brother smokin' in the steerage, an' lavin' everything on her. Fine gentlemine, indeed! More like the Injins, that I'm tould lies in bed while their wives digs the praties!"

Edith Armytage was so well accustomed to such unequal division of labour in her family, that it had long ceased to seem singular to her that she was invariably the worker, who bore the brunt of every labour and of every trouble—on whose forecasting care depended the smooth arrangement of her father's designs; for he could plan well enough, but had a lofty disdain of details. The small matter of the luggage was type of all her experience.

Jay rather enjoyed the hauling about of huge articles, and attempting to bring on deck things much larger than her strength; and when she and Edith were jointly essaying to push and pull up the companion-ladder a carpet-bag of unusual size, it was suddenly lifted from between them, over Jay's head, and borne on deck.

"Oh, Mr. Wynn, thank you!" said the little thing demurely. "It was a little too big for me and Edith. There is a leather valise besides, that's very heavy;" and she looked a wistful request. Robert thought internally that it would have been good business for the captain to bring, at least, his own things on deck; and he could not prevail on himself to do more than offer Andy's services as porter, which were gratefully received. Did Miss Armytage's grey eyes, as they rested upon his for a minute, understand his thought? Probably; he believed she did. Presently up sauntered her worthy father, wiping his silky moustache and beard from the smoke.

"Well, dear, how have you managed? Beautifully, I have no doubt. She's a model of a daughter, Wynn!"

"Papa, I hope we may soon land; I positively long to tread the firm earth again."

"What would you do if you were rocking and rolling in a transport five months round the Cape? All in good time, dear: I have one or two trifling matters to settle;" and he went down to the cabins.

Just before noon, Hiram Holt stepped on deck.

"I hope you're ready," were the second words of his greeting. "Glorious day for sight-seeing; I've arranged to drive to Cape Rouge over the plains; for we must be off to-morrow, up the river to Montreal. Where are your boxes?"

During a few minutes' delay for the transit of the luggage to the boat, Captain Armytage approached, and with those peculiarly pleasing manners which made him a fascinating man to all who did not know him somewhat deeper than the surface, he engaged Mr. Holt in conversation; he was invited to join the excursion to Wolfe's Cove, and stepped over the side of the ship after the others.

"Reginald! take care of your sisters till my return. They need not go on shore till the afternoon. *Au revoir*;" and he kissed his hand gaily to Miss Armytage and Jay, who stood at the vessel's side. But Robert could not help remembering their expressed anxiety to get ashore, and the

captain's fascinations were lost upon him for a good part of their expedition.

Always thus: postponing business and anybody else's pleasure to his own whim or amusement—for he was intrinsically the most selfish of men—Captain Armytage had hitherto contrived never to succeed in any undertaking. He considered himself the victim of unprecedented ill fortune, forgetting that he had himself been his own evil genius. His son could hardly be otherwise than a chip of the old block. Now he turned away from the taffrail with a scowl; and, vowing that he would not be mewed up while "the governor" was enjoying himself, presently hailed a boat and went ashore, leaving his sisters to walk up and down the deck and long for the land.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CONCERNING AN INCUBUS."

ANDY carried his wrath at the captain's company so far as to shake his fist close to that gentleman's bland and courteous back, while he bent forward from his thwart in speaking to Mr. Holt; which gestures of enmity highly amused the Canadian boatmen, as they grinned and jabbered in *patois* (old as the time of Henri Quatre) among themselves.

"The deludherer!" muttered Andy. "He'd coax a bird off a three wid his silver tongue. An' he must come betune my own gentlemen an' their frind—the ould schamer!" Here a tremendous blow was lodged (in pantomime) under the captain's ribs. "Sure, of coorse, they can't be up to his thricks, an' he an' ould sojer!" and here Andy let fly vivaciously beneath his unconscious adversary's left ear, restraining the knuckles within about half-an-inch of his throat.

"Are you speaking to me, my good man?" said the captain, suddenly wheeling round upon Andy, who sat face to his back.

"Is it me, yer honour?" and the dolorous submissiveness of Andy's countenance was a change marvellous to behold. "What could the likes of me have to say to the likes of you, sir?"

Arthur Wynn's gravity was fairly overcome, and he got a heavy fit of coughing in his pocket-handkerchief. Captain Armytage gazed keenly at Andy for a moment, during which he might as well have stared at a plaster bust, for all the discoveries he made in the passive simple countenance.

"Six hours' knapsack drill might do that fellow some good!" said the officer, resuming his former position and the thread of conversation together. "In answer to your inquiry, Mr. Holt, I have not quite decided whether to settle in Upper or Lower Canada."

"Then, sir, you must know very little of either," was the blunt reply. "There's no more comparison between them than between settling in Normandy and in North Britain."

"Can't say I should like either location," rejoined the captain, with his brilliant smile. "But I've been here with the —th, and am not quite without personal experience. The life of a seigneur would just suit me; if I could find an eligible seignory for sale——"

Hiram Holt stared. A man who had come out

with his family in an emigrant vessel, talking of purchasing a seignory! But this was a magnificent manner of the captain's. Sixpence in his pocket assumed the dimensions of a sovereign in his imagination.

"Some of them are thirty thousand acres in extent," Mr. Holt remarked drily.

"Ah, yes, quite a little principality: one should enjoy all the old feudal feelings, walking about among one's subject *censitaires*, taking a paternal interest in their concerns, as well as bound to them by pecuniary ties. I should build a castellated baronial residence, pepper-box turrets, etcetera, and resist modern new-lights to the uttermost."

"As soon as a living man chained to a dead man, as I would hamper myself with that old-world feudality!" exclaimed the western pioneer. "Why, sir, can you have seen the wretched worn-out land they scratch with a wretched plough, fall after fall, without dreaming of rotation of crops, or drainage, or any other improvement? Do you remember the endless strips of long narrow fields edging the road, opening out of one another, in miserable divisions of one or two acres, perhaps, just affording starvation to the holders? What is the reason that where vast quantities of wheat were formerly exported, the soil now grows hardly enough for the people to eat? Sir, the country is cut up and subdivided to the last limits that will support even the sleepy life of a *habitant*; all improvement of every kind is barred; the French population stand still in the midst of our go-ahead age; and you would prolong the system that causes this!"

It was one of the few subjects upon which Mr. Holt got excited; but he had seen the evils of feudalism in the strong light of western progress. Captain Armytage, for peace sake, qualified his lately expressed admiration, but was met again by a torrent of words—to the unalloyed delight of Andy, who was utterly unable to comprehend the argument, but only hoped "the schamer was gettin' more than he bargained for."

"Pauperism will be the result, sir; the race is incorrigible in its stupid determination to do as its forefathers did, and nothing else. Lower Canada wants a clearing out, like what you are getting in Ireland, before a healthy regeneration can set in. The religion is faulty; the habits and traditions of the race are faulty; Jean Baptiste is the drone in our colonial hive. He won't gather honey: he will just live, indolently drawing through an existence diversified by feast and fast days; and all his social vices flourish in shelter of this seignorial system—this—this upas tree which England is pledged to perpetuate:" and Mr. Holt struck his hand violently on the gunwale of the boat, awakening a responsive grin of triumph from Andy.

The captain was spared a reply by the boat just then touching the wharf; and while they are landing, and lodging the luggage in Pat McDonagh's house, till the starting of the Montreal boat next afternoon, we may say a few words concerning the feudal system extant in Lower Canada, at the period when this story begins.

Henri Quatre was the monarch under whose

sway the colony was originated. Champlain and De Levi knew no better than to reproduce the landed organization of France, with its most objectionable feature of the forced partition of estates, into the Transatlantic province, for defensive purposes, against the numerous and powerful Indian tribes. Military tenure was superadded. Every farmer was perforce also a soldier, liable at any time to be called away from his husbandry to fight against the savage Iroquois or the aggressive British. Long after these combative days had passed away, the military tenure remained, with its laws of serfdom, a canker at the roots of property; and thinking men dreaded to touch a matter so inwound with the very foundations of the social fabric in Lower Canada. But in 1854 and 1859, legislative acts were passed, which have finally abolished the obnoxious tenure; each landholder, receiving his estate in freehold, has paid a certain sum, and the province in general contributed £650,000, as indemnity to those whose old established rights were surrendered for the public weal. Eight millions of inhabited acres were freed from the incubus, and Lower Canada has removed one great obstacle in the way of her prosperity.

At the period when Hiram Holt expressed himself so strongly on the subject, a grinding vassalage repressed the industry of the *habitans*. Though their annual rent, as *censitaires* or tenants, was not large, a variety of burdensome obligations was attached. When a man sold his tenure, the seigneur could demand a fine, sometimes one-twelfth of the purchase-money; heavy duties were charged on successions. The ties of the Roman Catholic Church were oppressive. Various monopolies were possessed by the seigneurs. The whole system of social government was a reproduction, in the nineteenth century, of the France of the fifteenth.

Mr. Holt was somewhat cooled when his party had reached the citadel, through streets so steep that the drive to their summit seemed a feat of horsemanship. Here was the great rock whence Jacques Cartier, first of European eyes, viewed the mighty river in the time of our Henry VIII, now bristling with fortifications which branch away in angles round the Upper Town; crowned with a battery of thirty-two pounders, whose black muzzles command the peaceful shipping below. Robert Wynn could not help remarking on that peculiarly Canadian charm, the exquisite clearness of the air, which brought distant objects so near in vision, that he could hardly believe Point Levi to be a mile across the water, and the woods of the Isle of Orleans more than a league to the eastward.

Captain Armytage had many reminiscences of the fortress, but enjoyed little satisfaction in the relating of any; for nothing could get the seignorial tenure out of Mr. Holt's head, and he drove in sentences concerning it continually.

Outside the castle-gates the captain remembered important business, which must preclude him from the pleasure of accompanying his friends to Wolfe's Landing.

"Well, sir, I hope you now acknowledge that the seignorial system is a blot on our civilization."

"I wish it had never been invented!" exclaimed

the captain, very sincerely. And, with the gracefulness of bows, he got quit of Mr. Holt and his pet aversion together.

Hiram's features relaxed into a smile. "I knew I could convince him; he appears an agreeable companion," remarked Mr. Holt, somewhat simply. But the subject had given the key-note to the day; and in driving along the road to Cape Rouge, parallel with the St. Lawrence, he was finding confirmations for his opinion in most things they met and passed. The swarming country, and minute subdivisions of land, vexed Hiram's spirit. Not until they entered the precincts of the battle field, and he was absorbed in pointing out the spots of peculiar interest, did the feudality of the province cease to trouble him.

All along, the river was bordered by handsome villas and pleasure-grounds of Quebec merchants. Cultivation has gradually crept upon the battle-field, obliterating landmarks of the strife. The rock at the base of which Wolfe expired has been removed, and in its stead rises a pillar crowned with a bronze helmet and sword, and is inscribed :

HERE DIED WOLFE, VICTORIOUS.

Not till seventy-five years after the deed which makes his fame, was this memorial erected: a tardy recognition of the service which placed the noblest of our dependencies—a province large as an old-world empire—in British hands.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.

THOSE who have closely observed the conduct of the blind must, we imagine, have been sometimes startled with the precise knowledge they appear to possess of what is going on around them. It would seem as though some new sense had stepped in to supply the want of the faculty which they have lost, or have never possessed. We know that this is not the case, and that the ready powers of perception and appreciation which sometimes astonish us are the results of that finished education of the other senses, which is in a manner enforced upon those who live in perpetual darkness. We shall jot down a few instances which have come within our own observation and knowledge, and which, while interesting in themselves, will serve to illustrate the operation of what some writers, in alluding to this subject, have wrongly termed the sixth sense.

A poor blind pensioner, who travels London daily to call on his patrons for their contributions, and whose rounds are not much short of a hundred miles per week, on being asked how he finds his way about, tells us that, on starting from home he counts the turnings and crossings, however numerous they may be (perhaps over a five miles' route), until he arrives at the street or row of buildings which he wants. He then "sticks it," or counts the houses, by their entrances, with his stick, until he comes to the right dwelling. This, once certified, is never afterwards forgotten; for, if he should chance to miscount, he would be made sensible of his error by the differing shape of the bell-handle, the knocker, the railings, or some trifling peculiarity in the doorstep, etc., which, though they might escape the ob-

servation of ordinary persons, are obvious enough to the blind. He knows his friends, as they approach him, by the sound of their footfall, and will not allow them to pass him without giving them the "good day." He can always tell when he is passing a house or houses of two, three, or four stories high, by the difference in the sound of his own step, or of the touch of his stick on the flags. He knows the trees by their odour. A grocer's shop, a chemist's shop, a leather-cutter's, or a butcher's, is as palpable to him as a milestone to a traveller or a lighthouse to the sailor. If he is ever put out of his reckoning, it is through meeting a friend and having a gossip until he forgets himself; in this case he has either to go back or forward, "sticking it," until he has recovered one of his landmarks. This poor fellow has perambulated London alone for twenty years, in all weathers, with no other guide than his stick, yet is never known to lose his way. If the reader will compare these facts with his own experience in the dark, or with the cases of persons who lose themselves in a London fog, in neighbourhoods with which they have long been well acquainted, he will see sufficient cause to marvel at the resources of the blind.

A friend of the writer, attending church on the Sunday morning in a village where he had arrived the day before, encountered a blind man groping at the principal door, which, for some cause, happened on that day to be closed. Our friend took him by the hand, and led him in at a side door. After the service he led him out; but the blind man was quite nonplussed, and did not know in what direction to go. "Will you be so good as to put me where you found me first?" he said; and he was conducted back to the front door. Having certified himself of his position by a touch, he at once set off for his home, which lay at three miles distance—our friend accompanying him part of the way. When they had walked something more than a mile along the road, the blind man stopped. "Will you have the kindness," he said, "to put your hand behind that hurdle in the hedge, and lift out my walking-stick? I always leave it there when I go to church." Now the man had been talking all the way from the village, and he could not have been counting his steps or his invisible landmarks, and there appeared to be nothing whatever in the level road which could have indicated to one stone blind the exact spot on which he stood. As our friend lifted out the stout cudgel, which certainly did not look at all like a church-going article, he asked him how he could tell so precisely where he was. "There is a tree in the hedge," said the blind man, "and that causes a lull in the air, because it stops the current; I always know when I come to the tree."

Not many months back, a traveller was riding, on one of the bleak and stormy nights for which the past year will long be remembered, over a dreary district of hill, down, and dale, in central Yorkshire. He had a weary way to go, and his whole route lay in the teeth of the wind and tempest, which threatened to sweep him from the road. As he struggled on, the night grew dark and the storm more furious. Not relishing the idea of being belated on that wild spot, he set spurs to his steed, and, trusting to

the animal's instinct and surefootedness, galloped through the darkness towards his destination. He had reason to repent of his precipitation, for the horse diverged from the track and became entangled in a clump of gorse and scrub, and he himself was thrown, but, fortunately, without any serious injury. He was able to mount again, and to recover the path, and, proceeding more cautiously, arrived at the village inn, where he intended to put up, about midnight. Here, on dismounting, he discovered that he had lost his watch, which had been severed from the ribbon that served as a guard, and had most likely fallen to the ground among the gorse where he had been thrown. He grieved at the loss of a valuable time-piece, and bemoaned his misfortune with the landlord.

There was a poor blind man sitting in the bar, who immediately rose and volunteered to go in search of the missing watch. The case appeared hopeless to the traveller, who could scarcely describe the spot where his misfortune had overtaken him, and who deemed the attempt to recover it on the part of a blind man as supremely ridiculous; and, indeed, he hinted as much. In spite of this discouragement, however, the blind man seized his staff and set forth in the midst of the wind and pouring rain. He knew the district better than the traveller did. He traversed the six miles of stormy heath and mountain, and, heedless of the driving scud, commenced his search. Having arrived at the spot, he set his ear to the ground, and groped through the gorse in all directions; the wind howled, and the long grass whistled around him, but amidst those wild and melancholy sounds he was able at length to identify the still small ticking of the watch, which he recovered, placed in his bosom, and brought back in triumph. Here is an exploit rivalling almost the fairy feats of Fine-ear himself; it is one, however, for the truth of which we can vouch, while it is one which it is most certain that none other than a blind man could have accomplished.

It is probable that, in most blind persons, that faculty of the mind which phrenologists have supposed to be demonstrated by the organ of locality, must be exercised and perfected to an extraordinary degree. A blind workman, if he use a score or more of tools, always places his hand on the right one when it is wanted, and will tell in an instant, and even after a considerable lapse of time, whether his tool-box has been tampered with, or the arrangement of the implements altered. The perfection of this faculty is sometimes exhibited in blind chess-players, who generally attain to remarkable proficiency in the most complicated of all games. We have seen boys of tender age, and who were born blind, playing this difficult game in a masterly way, and generally checkmating their more mature antagonists. Their sole guide is their sense of touch; and it is astonishing to note with what rapidity they ascertain all they want to know by this means. By merely laying the palm of the hand and the finger-tips on the pieces as they stand, they master in a moment the position of the contending forces, and, without being informed of the adversary's moves, make the necessary disposition to defeat them.

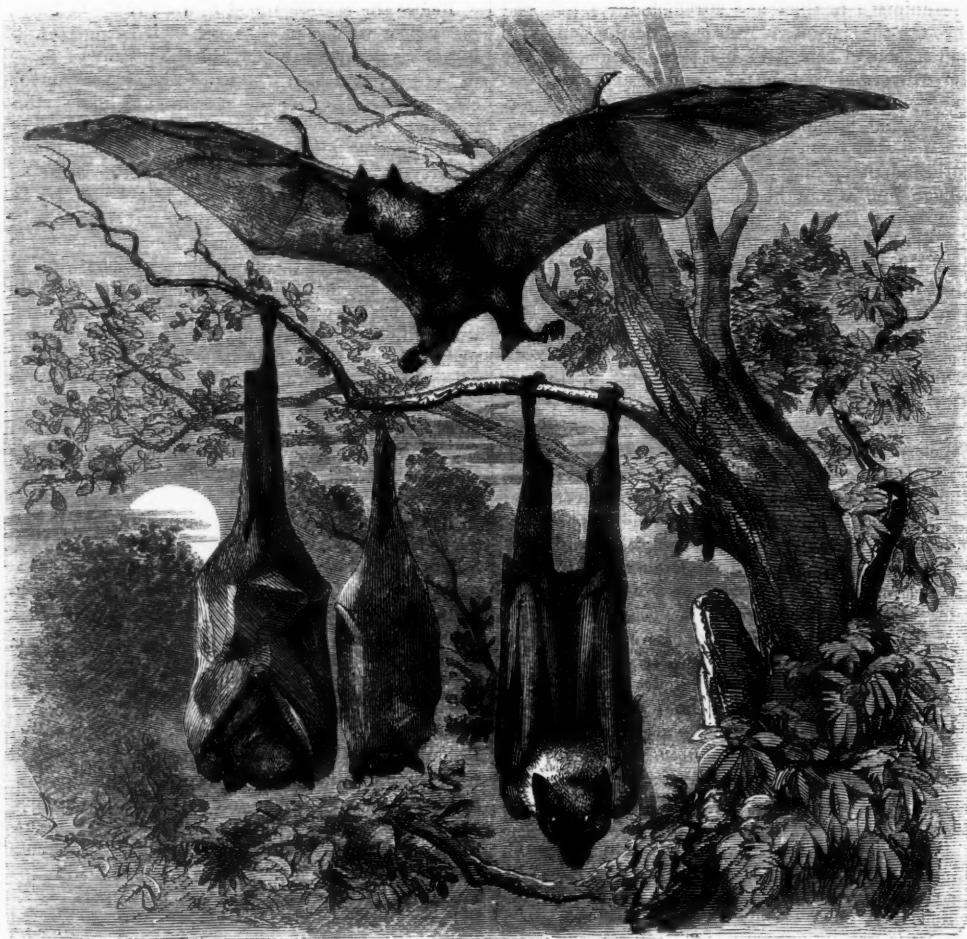
Before the establishment of the Crèche in Paris, many poor women used to get their living by taking charge, during the day, of the infants of those of the poorer classes who had to be at work in the streets, when they should have been at home nursing their helpless offspring. The most noted of these general mothers was a certain blind and poverty-stricken dame, who went by the name of old Susanne, and who had her infant hostelry in the Rue Git le Cour, near the quay. It was remarkable that while all her rivals in the nursing trade were a nuisance in their neighbourhoods, owing to the crying and squalling of their unfortunate little clients, Susanne was as much noted for the unbroken tranquillity of her dwelling, where a cry or a complaining voice was never heard. It followed as a consequence that all the most unmanageable and refractory little brats were made over to her; and as surely as they came into her hands, they ceased their squalling, and either laughed, gambolled, or slept away the hours of absence from their mothers. If you entered Susanne's apartment, you found that all the noise that was made she made herself, as she sat crooning a scarcely audible lullaby amidst her babies. Her system of management was expressed in very few words—"I sing to them softly," she would say, "and I handle them softly."

### THE FLYING FOXES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

It hardly ever happens that London is not supplied with some wonder or other, from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. We have lately had the "talking fish," the "giant tree from California," and the "growing plate." The unfortunate seal who so recently papa-ed and mamma-ed to the assembled cockneys, has ceased to disport his aldermanic body in his artificial sea, and has yielded up his skin to the furrier, his body to the anatomist, and will shortly be forgotten altogether. We have now in his old quarters other wonderful creatures, candidates for the spare shillings of the passers-by, and we are invited by advertisement to call and see "The Flying Foxes, or Great Vampires of the East; the only specimens of these remarkable animals alive in England, and now exhibiting at the gallery, 191, Piccadilly. These wonderful specimens of natural history were taken in the jungles on the domain of the Rajah of Burdwan, by the proprietor, Mr. Briggs, and brought to England at immense trouble and expense. They are six in number, some measuring nearly five feet across from the tips of their wings; one is quite young, and is the only instance on record of their being born in captivity. Their peculiarity of structure, partaking both of bird and beast, makes them objects of instruction, wonder, and admiration."

Now, whereas "the art of calling things by their right names" is not cultivated by public exhibitors, from the great Barnum down to the penny showman at the country fair, it is as well to begin by stating that the creatures in question are not foxes, though they do fly, but simply gigantic bats. In our own country we do not take much notice of



THE FLYING FOXES.

the pretty little bat that flutters about our hedge-rows and ruins. We call him simply "a bat;" the Frenchman calls him "un chauve souris," or bald mouse; the German a "flitter mouse;" and not bad names either, for he is very mouse-like in his appearance. The Englishman arriving in tropical climates, sees a bat as big or bigger than a full-grown rook, and by the same principle calls him a "Flying Fox."\* He has a right (if he is not a naturalist) to use this term, for this huge bat is exceedingly fox-like about the head; the ears are permanently erect and incessantly move about in all directions at the least sound; the eyes are full and open, and of a peculiar cunning expression; the colour of the hair on the abdomen is that of the fox; and behind the head is a collar of beautiful gold red-coloured hair; the back of the body between the wings is of a jet black colour—the same as the wings themselves.

The proprietor of these creatures keeps them in a wooden cage; and when the green baize cover is

\* There are many species of large bats in tropical climates, such as the "Kalong" of Java, and the "Vampire" of South America.

removed, we see a cluster of black-looking objects suspended from the top bars, looking like a bunch of young rooks suspended in the larder after a day's rook shooting. It is not many years ago that the poor sloth was abused for being a clumsy, useless, misshapen animal. His captors put him on the floor of a room, where the poor brute was as much out of his element as would be the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the top of a tall elm tree; but put him in his native forest, and then you will see how famously he goes along. So the bat is not comfortable unless he is hanging with his head downwards, like a hare in a poulterer's shop; and to enable him to do this, he has a marvellous set of sharp claws on his hind feet, which are so beautifully arranged that his body hangs and swings in the wind without the least effort on his part to hold on; and be it here remarked that, when Mr. Bat takes a nap, he hangs by one leg only—a point hitherto not noticed—for in most pictures we see the two legs in operation. The goose, we know, sleeps on one leg; but he has a good reason for this, namely, he is aware that if he keeps both feet on the ground

on a frosty night, he may get frozen hard and fast to the ice. He therefore keeps one down, and the other tucked up warm among his feathers, and he changes his feet from time to time as his toes get cold. Why the bat hangs by one leg only I have yet to learn; probably he has, like the goose, a good reason for so doing.

When the bird goes to roost, he tucks his head under his wing: so does the bat; but how is this possible, as he is suspended by the heels? The operation is most interesting. The bat first folds up one wing across his body, and then the other, as an indignant cavalier on the stage folds his military cloak when "resolved to revenge the insult." Imagine the indignant biped at this moment to be hung up by the heels, and to dip his head into the collar of the cloak, and you will see the manner adopted by the bat for putting on his night-cap. When the beast is thus taking his siesta, he reminds one of half a pound of brown sugar done up in brown paper, and hung up by the small end. At the least noise, out comes the little foxy head, without disturbing the wings; and when satisfied, in it goes again, like the head of a rat peeping out from under a corn-stack. The proprietor kindly woke up one of the bats, and caused him to transfer himself to a stick, which he waved in the air, and obliged him to loose his hold. Mr. Bat was then compelled to fly. He spread out his great wings, and away he went: anything more demoniacal-looking than my friend when on the wing I never saw, and I can well understand the strange Vampire stories which we sometimes read. He was the very personification of everything that is hideous and foul and evil. I have seen an old picture of the harpies taking away poor *Æneas'* dinner: when I saw the fox flying I recognised a Harpy, if ever I saw a Harpy in my life. No wonder *Æneas*, with all his pluck for fighting, lost his temper and abused his winged tormentors—though in the Latin tongue. The wings of this harpy-like bat are so long and so broad, that they make a considerable draught in the air, yet there was not the least noise of the flapping audible. And here we find the wise arrangement of the Creator, that night-flying creatures (whether owls, night-jars, moths, or bats) shall have, so to say, muffled wings, which shall be noiseless in the still darkness of the night.

The bat family were in excellent health and condition; the proprietor keeps them warm, and gives them a shower-bath every morning—a capital plan, as it supplies the place of the heavy morning dew which falls on them when at home. They are easily fed, for in a state of captivity they are nearly omnivorous. Thus, they will eat apples, pears, mice, black-beetles, bits of raw beefsteak, etc. When in the jungle they live principally on plantains, guavas, custard apples, etc.; but they also destroy lizards and young birds in large quantities. In order to procure food they take very long flights from the forests at dusk, returning in the morning. They live among the trees, and not in caves. The proprietor had great difficulty in catching his pets, and after various contrivances resorted, on a large scale, to what we call bat-fowling. He fixed long nets up between the trees, and when a bat was entangled he let it

drop and captured him, though he was obliged to look out for his fingers, for these fellows bite very sharply. I have known persons who are not in the habit of looking or thinking about living animals, imagine that, whereas bats have wings and fly, that therefore bats also lay eggs like birds. I am not aware that, up to this time, a young infant bat has ever been born in captivity. In this Piccadilly bat family, there is a baby who was born in Calcutta, and who is still alive and well. It is a pretty little thing, and very tame. It will crawl about the visitor's arm, and allow him to examine its wings, etc.; whereas the old bats do not like to be handled.

A stuffed flying-fox is a stiff, uninteresting thing, and we cannot understand from it the use of the claw which projects from its wing. In our live specimens this is clearly seen. The wing of the bat, when anatomized, is nothing more than a five-fingered hand, between the fingers of which is spread a leather-like elastic webbing, which forms the wing. Now, whereas this true mammalian must also sometimes be required to walk on the earth, we find a beautiful modification of the thumb; the member is not inclosed in the wing, but is left projecting; nay, more, it is armed with a sharp curved claw. As this thumb is composed of several joints, it is exceedingly moveable, and the bat has great command over it. He can climb with it, he can hang on with it, he can fight with it, and, in fact, this one finger does the work of all the other fingers, which are otherwise engaged; in reality, it is his hand, or forepaw, whichever you choose to call it. In these living flying-foxes the naturalist has a capital opportunity of observing how the limbs and structure of a terrestrial animal can be so modified as to transform it into a bird-like animal, living in the trees and in the air, and to see how the great Creator shows forth his wisdom, power, and goodness in the construction of creatures which are as perfectly adapted to their mode of life and habits as man himself is to his.

#### TWO WAYS OF LIVING.

ONCE more our walk leads us among the gunsmiths, where in one of the gloomy streets we call on a journeyman gunlock maker, who is an intelligent specimen of his class. After a few remarks about tools and workmanship, our conversation takes a turn with the inquiry, "Which should you think is the poorest and worst paid trade in Birmingham?"

"Well, I dunno as any trade in partic'lar is very bad: most trades makes good money jest now."

"But how is it so many poor-looking people are seen about the streets, and so many houses look dirty and poverty-stricken?"

"Yes, but 'taint 'cause people are bad off, so much as 'cause they dunno how to spend what they gets properly. Many a one gets more nor I do, a many fifty shillin' a week, as han't got a penny to bless theirselves with by Wensdays or Thursdays."

"What do they do with their money?"

"Do? 'tis easy to say what they does with it—a treatin' everybody at the public-house o' Saturday

nights, a little bit o' gamblin', and often a precious blow out Sundays and Mondays. Then there's lots on 'em as don't work above half a week, so don't get so much by half as they might. Often them as earns the most seems the wo'st off. Every pint o' ale as some of 'em drinks cosses (costs) sixpence, 'cause o' the time as is lost."

"Then in your opinion there is not much real poverty in Birmingham?"

"I b'leeve a very little collected among the working-classes 'ud relieve all the real poor, such as labourers sometimes out o' work, widders and orphans, and sich like, without that great place at Winson Green (the workhouse); and there needn't be no poor rates if everybody was sober and industrious. From what I know of what men 'll do for one another, I'm sure they could do all as is necessary for one another, if they on'y chose to try. I've tried both ways o' livin', and I know all about it."

"What do you mean by both ways of living?"

"Well, you see, me and my brother was brought up reg'lar bad. Father was a good workman, and I've know'd him earn four pound of a sober week, but he never give us no learnin' wo'th speakin' of, and our house wasn't fit for anybody to come into. He spent so much money, and idled away his time so, that sometimes mother haven't had the value of a loaf of bread, nor enough to buy a Sunday's dinner; so she went to work at a screw-factory, and we four children done jest as we liked; and when I was nine, father took me to help him at the works. He might 'a rode in his carriage a'most if he'd on'y bin a sober man. He died quite a old man at forty-seven, and mother was better off without him than with him. I soon left home after I was fourteen, and got lodgin's, and went on bad enough for 'ears; lost time every week, and didn't care for nothin' till I was about twenty, when I kept company with the young 'ooman as is my wife, and she says I'll never get married till you are stiddier, and begins to save a bit: and she could read and write. I couldn't hardly read: so says she, 'and why don't you learn to read? A man ain't nothin' as can't read, let alone writin': so I went to Severn Street School, and that was the means o' my bein' stiddier, and now I don't want for nothin'. I puts by five shillin' a week, and don't miss it. Some o' my old acquaintance calls me a dull, slow sort o' customer, but I know how to enjoy myself. I got my garden; that's al'ays a pleasure; and last summer me and my wife and the children went to Warwick and Leamington: we see all over Warwick Castle, and never enjoyed nothin' more in our lives. It cosses a smart bit o' money to go out with three or four children; but not much more'n I've often spent on myself in a week's spree. Then I had a week myself at the Isle o' Man, and this year, I mean goin' to Wales. Then you see we don't want for nothin' here at home, and things goes comfortable like with us."

This simple tale, here repeated in the words in which it was told, is a striking example of the two ways of living. It illustrates, too, one of the now habitual recreations of the people, who, more per-

haps than those of any other town, indulge in railway trips, and holidays in picturesque places. Happily there are many in Birmingham who, if questioned, could tell a similar tale. One single class in the Severn Street School have saved among them more than a thousand pounds, which is a good beginning towards a practical application of the notion that the working-classes may live entirely independent of poor-rates.\*

#### MY NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

ONE evening, while the year 1860 was yet very young, I found a small note on my mantelpiece awaiting my return from the office. Perhaps it may be advisable for me to say that I was at that time a free and independent burgess of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Now it happens that a good many small notes find their way to my modest home about this time of year. I know what they mean, without much scrutiny; and, taking this for one of the brotherhood of bills, I let it rest on the shelf till after tea, having sometimes spoiled a meal by a too eager curiosity to know the contents of such missives. It was not a bill, however, after all, but an invitation to dinner. Here it is:—

"Newcastle Ragged School, January 3rd, 1860.

"Dear TEKA, Our annual dinner comes off tomorrow; sharp at twelve. Will you come and cut again? Yours ever, John Thorough, Superintendent."

Will you come with me, reader, and see how I fared at a ragged school festival?

There are various routes to the New Road, in which the schools stand: one by Pandon Bank—a short cut when you are in haste and have daylight for the journey, but not to be recommended after dark, or at any time if you are gifted with a good nose. The discovery of a couple of oil lamps, which throw the dim light of other days across parts of this route, might gratify the antiquary, but would scarcely reward the ordinary traveller for the risk he would run of insult or injury from the polite inhabitants of those parts.

Let us rather choose the more frequented way, by Dean Street and the Quay—a route redolent, for the most part, of steamboat-smoke, bad tobacco, and other villanous river-side smells, but affording glimpses of much that is characteristic of Newcastle. Let us halt a moment on the Quay, to watch the sculler boats, and see how the brisk west wind that toys with them has sent the smoke-clouds flying to the sea. Up-stream all is bright and clear. How grandly Stephenson's High Level Railway Bridge towers above the ancient roadster, like some tall son, head and shoulders higher than his sire. Between the arches of the viaduct we see the snowy uplands far away, and whole fleets of "keels" flying before the wind.

We are accompanied on our left by a long line of the amphibious shops that usually seek a river frontage: booksellers' shops, which, instead of the commonplace "Old Moore" for the present year, exhibit the "Nautical Almanac" for 1867;

\* White's "All round the Wrekin."

drapers' shops, crammed with pilot cloths, sou'-westers, and wonderful varieties of apparel; provision shops, filled with sea-going beef and biscuit; barbers' shops, in which the mariner returned from "foreign" can have his locks trimmed to the latest fashion, and all traces of Feejee or New Zealand barbarisms eradicated. Nor must I forget to note as peculiar to Newcastle Quay that other shop, artfully constructed to look as much like the hold of a ship as possible, so that the susceptible mariner may be enticed down-stairs, and cajoled into the purchase of half-a-dozen glass rolling-pins of the deepest ultra-marine, a handsome set of chimney-piece ornaments, or some other articles equally useful on shipboard, and be all the time under the impression that he has only run down the main-hatch-way.

Walking eastward, we by and by escape from the throngs of brokers and ship-captains, from the hum of the busy shops, from the yellow river with its tiers of ships, from everything else wharf-like, saying what Trinculo calls "a very ancient and fish-like smell," which seems equally at home in the New Road, and intent upon accompanying us thither.

This west end of the New Road is famous, in a small way, for its public edifices. We must go elsewhere for the architectural glories of Newcastle; but still, in a small way, as I have said, the New Road has something to boast of. This, with the clock-turret, is a hospital for ancient keel-men, built and paid for by the craft. Here, when well-nigh worn out with toil, they come to a quiet anchorage. On Sunday afternoons, maybe, one or two of the brotherhood toddle over the way to the grim-looking Methodist chapel, built not far from the knoll from which John Wesley discoursed to their wondering forefathers. It is not impossible, either, that a few small keel-boys may find their way a little farther along the turnpike to this other building with the broad flight of unused steps—a jubilee school, commemorative of the fiftieth year's reign of old King George III, and of his wise wish that every poor child in his kingdom might be able to read the Bible. And, as I have got the keelman and his family into this paragraph, and cannot shake them out of it, if you will allow me to suppose that his old woman now and then carries a washing of clothes to the baths and wash-houses, or that he himself on the Saturday night comes thus far for a warm bath worth more than the regulation twopence he will pay for it, I shall, by his intervention, have shown you all the public buildings aforesaid, and in the Corporation Lavatory, at which we have arrived, may wash my hands of him and them together.

The whole district looks as if a good deal more soap-and-water might be applied to it with advantage. It is a smoky, muddy, grimy down-east, where no house-painter or washerwoman could expect to make an honest living. It is hard to say which are dirtier, the door-steps or the children, who are constructing on them the juiciest of mud-pies. This, by the way, is a department of ornamental pastry cultivated here with vigour and success; the raw material is abundant, and export-

ation apparently strictly prohibited. Still, there are worse places. What do you say to Sandgate? Here you have the Newcastle Salt Market, St. Giles's, and Canongate all in one—a mass of loathsomeness and misery, for whose cure a government commissioner could prescribe nothing milder than a bombardment or a great fire.

Yet it was in Sandgate that the Newcastle Ragged School first saw the day. A handful of squalid urchins, wondering what this new thing might mean, were caught and given in charge to a patient schoolmaster. This for a few months only, till fever, crawling along the fetid alley, discovered the poor attempt to smuggle a little food, a little cleanliness, a little hope into its native haunts, and smote down first one and then another of the lads. Their master, or friend rather, might have escaped had he retreated in time. But he was not the man to desert his post, and so died at it. How Edward Murray caught the contagion—in the ill-ventilated school-room, or by the pallet of some poor child—I know not; but he died—died a truer martyr than many a saint in the calendar.

After this sad commencement came many ups and downs, until one day the Ragged School found itself developed into an institution in Newcastle. The history might be worth the telling; but to-day I cannot touch on it, lest our dinner cool upon the tables. Suffice it to say, that the ground it stands on, and every stick and stone in the building, are the property of the Society—without the burden of one halfpenny's debt. Government aids and corporation aids; long purses and self-denying labours; thoughtful legacies and fashionable bazaars, join hands here with a solitary sermon, of which it was said by the benevolent and good-humoured divine who preached it, "that if there were sermons in stones, there would surely be a stone or two in his sermon." The result of all—a noble school, dedicated to the free education of the poorest in "Newcastle," and this for ever, or until the poor and the ragged cease out of the land.

I reach the schools at last, and find no outward sign of holiday, excepting a long flag of "true blue" pendant from the topmost pinnacle. On the threshold I am met by a dainty odour of boiling beef, and a hasty clatter of little feet, streaming towards the dining-room. I find it a large cheerful room with a lofty open roof, and well lighted by a broad window, on whose sill stands a cast of the poor orphan boy as he appears before the schools take him in hand; also a bust of an early benefactor of the institution, who gave the first five-pound note of the "building fund," through which the schools came to own a house of their own. On the opposite wall hang two scrolls, relics from as many "grand bazaars," bearing words of wisdom, illuminated in a style of art so correctly old English as to be quite incomprehensible, I should think, to the young minds they are intended to benefit. The floor is planted thick with ranges of tables and forms, from the scrolls to the window, whose early brightness soon grows dim beneath the steam from the fragrant rounds. One of these important items in the coming feast stands at the head of each of the five tables, and a sixth smokes pre-eminent on

a dais at the top of the room—the said dais, to keep to plain English and avoid the illuminated style of the scrolls, being nothing but the tailors' bench. John Thorough, the superintendent, and a few committee-men, wander to and fro excitedly, marshalling the vegetable dishes to their proper places, and providing each round with its carver, and each carver with his allowance of waiters. After many anxious glances, Mr. Thorough thinks we may do, and orders the bell to ring; whereupon in a few minutes the benches are crowded with nearly three hundred boys and girls, as happy as boys and girls can be who have first-rate appetites to exchange for a luxurious dinner.

Do not find fault with the phrase "a luxurious dinner." I know it sounds somewhat out of place applied to such ordinary viands as boiled beef and potatoes, and must own to no small disappointment when I was informed that "we saw our dinner," there being not the shadow of a plum-pudding to crown the feast. I am told that beef and pudding at the same meal produce an effect upon the ragged school mind too exciting to be safe! On ordinary days, half the children have to seek their dinner at home, or wherever they can get it, so that the absolute certainty that this day they will sit down to a plentiful meal is sufficient to account for many of these happy faces. About one hundred and forty are indeed secure of a meal at these tables every day, but then soup is the usual diet. This is the only day in all the year when knife and fork are brought out; and those unwonted implements used in the discussion of our dinner to-day, throw over the plain boiled beef and matter-of-fact potatoes a glamour which may well stand in the place of that pudding whose absence would mar the feast of more fortunate juveniles.

Grace having been said by Mr. Thorough, I suddenly find myself transformed from a calm spectator into an active agent in the business of the hour. See me, then, armed with an enormous knife and fork, and besieged by a small army of waiters clamorous for cuttings. My landlady, Mrs. Codlings, says I am not a good carver. She always cuts a good many small jagged pieces off my joints, to make them presentable the second day. To-day I am even worse than usual. In the early slices, indeed, I make fruitless attempts after a thin and *à la mode* ideal, but ultimately am compelled to cut in a desperate manner; for no sooner are all once served, than, instead of the peace I looked for, the plates of the first starters come back for a piece of a different kind; and after the second plate is disposed of, some at the table find themselves fresh enough for a third. I discover that it is no joke to cut for half-an-hour at a round of beef, from the pale brown of the pristine surface, down to the lowest foundation depths. In spite of the varieties introduced into the carving—ranging from the plane horizontal to the perpendicular go-thick—my shoulders ached for a week after.

What a happy party we are! Nobody's dinner is spoiled by offences against etiquette. How I should like the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London to look in. The sums they would pay down if our appetites were purchaseable, might build a

school in every parish in Newcastle. Here are no lackeys, either to scowl over our shoulders, or too hastily to snatch away our plates. A dozen little maidens who are training in the kitchen of the schools for domestic service—these are our waiters. They are assisted by a small army of amateurs, and by a ruddy-cheeked, smiling lad of fifteen, who surpasses them all in the art of keeping his clients' plates well covered. At first I took him for a page, sent here to pass a sort of preliminary "smalls" in the profession of waiting; but a closer inspection of his suit of bottle green proved that he was no boy in buttons, but a full bugler in the first battalion of her Majesty's Rifle Brigade. On inquiry I found that little Jack S— had been until recently an inmate of the school, but, having some desire for soldiering, and an ear for music, he attracted the notice of the kind-hearted band-master of this regiment, and enlisted as a musician. Like all the lads who have been educated here, Jack cherishes a warm affection for the school, and had come down on this, his first leave of absence, to visit his old friends and companions. His honest smiling face was not the least pleasing sight in my dining-out. What an eye he had for an empty plate! How rapidly he dashed to the relief of the garrison with hot potatoes or another slice of beef. He sat at table here last New Year's dinner, and knows by experience the powers of a ragged school boy's appetite.\*

Passing through the school-room on my way out, I was surprised to find a number of the lads loitering by the fire, instead of hastening homewards to enjoy the holiday afternoon. The superintendent called one of them, and asked him, "Why have you not gone home, Robson?" "No place to go to, sir." His only home was a common lodging-house. "The lads enjoyed their dinner to-day," I said to Mr. Thorough; "but do they relish the regular diet of the school?" The reply came inferentially, and through another boy called from the fireside. "What food has your mother in the house to-day, Leitch?" The smile died away from Leitch's face as he replied, "There's a loaf, sir, a man gave us last night." "Any meat?" "No, sir." "Any oatmeal?" "No, sir." "Any peas?" "No, sir." "Any milk?" Leitch thinks there may be a little milk, and then gladly escapes to his companions round the fire.

There is never any difficulty, I am glad to say, in raising funds for the annual dinner, or for any other little treat proposed for the children. The good cheer under which (I believe it is the correct phrase) the tables groaned to-day, costs the institution nothing. A week or two previous, a member of committee takes this affair in hand, and with little trouble raises more than sufficient to provide a lavish repast and leave a handsome balance. By and by the surplus finds itself transmuted into clogs for little feet but ill-guarded from the frost

\* A few days afterwards I had a morning call (not the *révéille*) from the young bugler, who, smiling from ear to ear, introduced his elder brother, a strapping fellow of eighteen, and full corporal in the 79th Highlanders. He also was educated in the school, and, as he said, owed his position, as the youngest corporal in the regiment, to the reading, writing, and arithmetic he picked up there,

and snow; into corduroys that will replace some of those ragged garments I have seen to-day; into new volumes for the library; or into premiums for old pupils. And so all the good of this New Year's dinner does not disappear with the empty dishes.

### THE STREET OF EVERLASTING PROSPERITY.

LET us walk down "the Street of Everlasting Prosperity," the Regent Street of the north suburb of Tien-tsin. At its entrance is a crowd of Chinamen, which, constantly renewed from dawn to sunset, stand gaping through a gateway at the headquarters horses picketed in a large court-yard. Forcing our way through these unsavoury Celestials, we find ourselves in a small square, occupied by the "eel-pie" and "baked potato" men of the place. Your working man dines in the street, and this square is a favourite *à fresco restaurant*. Li, on our right, deals in meat pies. He has a small charcoal fire below his oven, and in a trice his *pâté* is compounded and cooked before the public. Ho, by his side, supplies vegetable diet, turnips, onions, pumpkins, yams, cut into small slices and served in the water wherein they are boiled. Here is a man with sweetstuff, pastry, and "tuck." There, another with fruit—grapes, peaches, lotus fruit, water-melons, apples, and pears. All tastes are supplied. But even in dining the ineradicable love of the Chinaman for gambling is evinced. Every one of these dealers has a box like a dice box, in which twenty small sticks are placed. Two of these sticks are prizes, the remainder blanks. Each portion of food is supposed to be worth ten cash, and on staking one cash every comer may try his luck. From morning to night is the rattle of these sticks to be heard in the square as the dealers invite their customers. From morning to night may the Chinaman be seen yielding to the invitation. Here is an old fellow, a "bargee" on the river. He has but two cash, which he stakes, and loses one after the other. His face is rueful, and his belly empty, so we give him ten cash, with which he may insure the meal he covets. He takes the cash, but, instead of buying his food, he recommences to gamble for it. One cash after another is drawn from him, and when he loses his last he walks away dinnerless. The fish-monger is perambulating about. His fish, in a shallow round wooden bowl, lie gasping in three or four inches of water. Here are eels, brown and silver, large fat muddy carp, soles, and a fish speckled like a trout and of much the same flavour. At an open cook-shop, Chinese *artistes* are preparing the dinner of the day. The favourite dish is a stew composed of chopped pork, onions, sea-weed, shrimps, and eggs. We taste, but its flavour is by no means agreeable to the western palate. And now, in a quiet secluded nook, is a good-humoured laughing crowd, enjoying the feats of a juggler. A wonderful man! He takes two pieces of sharp wire, a couple of feet long, inserts them in his nostrils, and passes them thence down his throat. There is no deception, for he opens his mouth wide, and we see the wires down his gullet.

Then he takes two leaden bullets, one the size of an ordinary musket ball, the other weighing twelve ounces. He swallows the little one first. With many contortions he brings them up again, and the small bullet is the first to reappear. He draws the wire back through his nose, and spits blood. A shower of cash rewards his feat. Then he swallows a sword, crams pointed sticks into his ears and eyes, and performs a variety of tricks too numerous to be detailed. We enter a perfumer's shop, full of knick-knacks and necessities for my lady's toilet. Pearl powder is made up in neat little packages, and with rouge and paints of various hues. Lotions for the complexion, perfumes, dyes for the hair, and here, in a corner, "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." A barber is plying his trade. He shaves the head, combs and plaits the tail, and extracts wax from the ears. The latter operation is evidently a favourite with the Celestials. Alas! false tails are common here, as they are said to be in England. The shop is full of them, at a dollar the half-dozen. A distinguished officer of irregulars bought a few to make a plume for his helmet. A "curio" stall contains very ordinary china at very exorbitant prices. Among its prizes are a common English bottle, price half-a-dollar, and an English earthenware plate, with "Swiss scenes" painted thereon, for which double that amount is demanded. Here, also, are small boxes labelled "Superior congreve matches, without smell or sulphur." They would cost a halfpenny at home; their price at Tien-tsin is 2½d. The crowd at our heels laugh as we enter a pawnbroker's shop. It is full of depositors, old clothes being the principal articles in pledge. We ask the head man to see the establishment. He would be delighted, but it is against rule. He deeply regrets that he must refuse our Majesties, but his orders are explicit. After a little pressing he yields, and we are conducted through one court after another, the buildings containing all that man can imagine, from pocket-handkerchiefs to junks' anchors. The goods may be pledged for thirty moons (two years and a half), when they are sold, if unredeemed. The rate of interest is 12 per cent. per annum. Here is a large icehouse, very long, very deep, very well drained. The ice is in blocks full two feet thick, and gives abundant evidence of a severe winter in this district. Returning home, we enter a tea-shop. The "cheering" beverage is contained in a large brass kettle, a brass butterfly with extended wings on its spout. We drink, are refreshed, and bid adieu to "the Street of Everlasting Prosperity."—*Letter of Mr. Boulby, the Times Correspondent in China.*

### INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MOSES.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"From giant onks that wave their branches dark,  
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,  
What beaus and beauties crowd the gandy groves,  
And woo and win their vegetable loves."

"I SUSPECT, Marian," I exclaimed one day in desperation, "that you do not wish to go out moss-

hunting with me, for you allow yourself to be prevented by the slightest hindrance."

"Well, my dear Edward," she replied, "I must plead guilty to a part of your accusation; but I assure you I have no selfish or unkind motive in withdrawing myself from you. Now that you have learned how to examine a moss, and compare its characteristics with Hooker's descriptions, I think it much better for you to be thrown on your own resources."

I felt the justice and wisdom of her decision, and prepared myself for a solitary expedition.

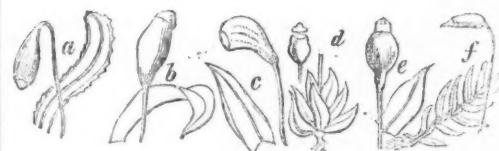
I took the road towards Gunnerside, determining to keep by the river's edge. The banks offered abundant variety of creeping mosses, but they had no fruit upon them, and I did not feel inclined to attempt their study alone, and with such a great disadvantage; so I pushed on, seeking any moss adorned with urns. Under some bushes, upon a very moist bank, I had the delight of discovering a very large moss; its stems were tall, and surrounded with long strap-shaped transparent leaves, the vein along the centre being very pronounced; my pocket lens showed me that these leaves were jagged at the edge. Little branches grew from the tops of many of the stems in a cluster, and there were long creeping shoots also; a number of fruitstalks rose from the summits of three or four of the plants, and the urns were still upon them, though the fruit had evidently been ripe months before. It was a much larger plant than any of the Thread mosses—even than the Rose Thread moss—but its drooping urns at first inclined me to suppose that it must belong to that group; only, instead of being pear-shaped, they were oval. I hastened home with my trophy, and upon consulting my cousin's book, I found that the larger habit and oval urn distinguish the Thyme Thread moss group from that of the true Thread mosses. It was clear that my new specimen was the Long-leaved Thyme Thread moss, (*Mnium undulatum*, Fig. 1 and a). Marian congratulated me warmly on my success; for she said that this moss, though common enough, was rarely found with fruit upon it.

On our next excursion to Richmond, Marian conducted me into the Aske Woods. Here the mosses and liverworts were very luxuriant, and it needed no guide to draw my attention to a carpet of dark verdure under some holly bushes, which was all beset with drooping urns. The oval shape of these now over-ripe urns identified the plants as Thread mosses; the secondary fructification was also present in great abundance, forming plots of starry tufts; the leaves were broad and lance-shaped, and the fruitstalk was very elegantly curved. It proved to be the Swan-neck Thyme Thread moss (*Mnium hornum*, Fig. 2). Another species, evidently belonging to the same family, was growing near; it had broad rounded leaves, which, when examined through the lens, were seen to be dotted, and edged with a thick border. The upper leaves were still broader than the lower, and arranged in a starry form; the plants grew separate, not in clusters. The urns gave evidence of having been ripe early in the spring; they were large and oval; the leaves were of a very dark green. We at once agreed that it

was the Dotted Thyme Thread moss (*Mnium punctatum*, Fig. 3). There is a Many-fruited species with large oval-pointed leaves; and a Long-beaked one growing on rocks and walls; and a Serrated one, so named from its leaves being jagged; and a Star-leaved Thyme Thread moss, without borders to its leaves; and a Large-leaved species resembling the dotted one, but having leaves of a pale green and without border; and a Round-fruited Thyme Thread moss, frequenting bogs. The Cupola moss group succeeds that of the Thyme Thread moss; there is only one species, and it closely resembles the Dotted Thyme Thread moss, only the stems are matted together with purple threads, which give a sooty appearance to the plant, and its urns are pear-shaped. It grows in bogs (*Oncidium stygium*).

Marian kindly promised me a specimen of the Drooping-leaved Thread moss (*Paludella squarrosa*, Fig. 4 and b), which had been sent to her from Knutsford Moor, Cheshire. It had no fruit, she said, and the long stems were closely clustered together, the leaves being turned back. She had a drawing of the fruit upon a foreign specimen, of which she favoured me with a copy. The group of mosses called after Mees, the botanist, has only two British members. The Long-stalked Meesia grows scantily in Ireland, and the Dwarf Meesia is occasionally found among the Scotch and Welsh hills, along with the Lesser Pale Thread moss (*Amblyodon dealbatus*).

Further on in the wood we came to a place where dead leaves and branches had been burned. A quantity of moss had sprung up among the ashes, resembling a Screw moss, only the fruitstalk was twisted in every direction, the urns were bent, and the dry ones furrowed; the veil was inflated below, and ended in an awl-shaped beak. The twisting of the fruitstalk showed it to be a Cord moss, and its upper leaves drawn close together, its red bordered lid, and notched border to the mouth, identified it as the Common Cord moss (*Funaria hygrometrica*, Fig. 5 and c). There are two other British Cord mosses, but both very rare. The Irish Cord moss has been found near Cork; and Muhlenberg's Cord moss has no distinct British habitat.



a. Magnified fruit and leaf of Long-leaved Thyme Thread moss. b. Ditto ditto of Drooping-leaved Thread moss. c. Ditto ditto of Common Cord moss. d. Magnified plant of Common Bladder moss. e. Magnified fruit and leaf of Round-fruited Collar moss. f. Ditto ditto of Common Flat Fork moss.

We returned by a narrow lane into the high road leading to Richmond, and there we gathered a cushion of light green moss, with round urns; but we had not time to note its various peculiarities. The next day being hopelessly wet, Marian sat down with me to examine some of my Kentish specimens, and the one which we had brought from Richmond. "I will cheer your drooping spirits by

the gift of a moss," she said. "It belongs to the Bladder moss group, the characteristics of which are, a pear or club-shaped urn, upon an erect or slightly curved fruitstalk, a convex lid, and an inflated veil. The bladder-like veil gives the name to the group. This Narrow-leaved Bladder moss has the urn erect, and the leaves lance-shaped and serrated (*Physcomitrium ericetorum*). It inhabits heathy districts, and was sent to me from Teesdale."

"It is own brother to two of my Hawkhurst mosses," I exclaimed. "This, with the oblong leaves and pear-shaped urn, grew in large patches on damp banks; it is surely the Common Bladder moss (*Physcomitrium pyriforme*, Fig. 7 and d); and this, with narrower leaves and more tapering urn, must be the Fallow-field Bladder moss (*Physcomitrium fasciculare*, Fig. 8); there were fallow fields at Hawkhurst half covered with it last April. The Dwarf Bladder moss is very minute: we neither of us have found it."

"The Apple moss group succeeds the Bladder moss," rejoined my cousin; "they are clustered mosses, growing upon rocks or earth, with roundish urns, ribbed when dry, a small cone-shaped lid, and a diminutive veil, which soon vanishes. In some species there is a simple fringe, in some the fringe is double, and in some it is entirely wanting. The Beardless Dwarf-apple moss is very lovely and delicate (*Bartramidula Wilsoni*): it grows in small patches, with decumbent stems, which are one-branched; the leaves are lance-shaped, and the fruitstalks often grow two or three together, and are arched. The round urns droop, and are of a pinkish colour. The Rigid Apple moss is peculiar to Ireland. This Common Apple moss, which we have brought from Richmond (*Bartramia pomiformis*, Fig. 10), has clustered stems and long spreading leaves, which are crisped when dry. We have some other of the Apple mosses in this neighbourhood, and I recommend you to visit Summer Lodge Bank again in search of them."

I was not slow in following up her hint, and the first promising morning after our conversation found me again climbing the steep moor. For a long time I searched in vain for any indication of Apple mosses, but at last I found the object of my desire growing knee-deep in a rivulet which issues from the Tarn. The moss was tall, its stems measuring three or four inches, branched and matted together; the leaves were broad and tapering, of a yellow-green colour; and the long fruitstalks bore large round reddish urns. It was undoubtedly the Fountain Apple moss (*Bartramia fontana*, Fig. 9). Upon a bank crowned by rocks I found the Straight-leaved Apple moss (*Bartramia ithophylla*, Fig. 11). Its leaves are broadish at the bottom, but become very narrow and awl-shaped; they are of a light yellowish-green, and their clustered stems make pretty little cushions. There is a Thick-nerved Apple moss, and a Curved-stalked Apple moss, both frequenting wet rocks in Scotland and elsewhere; as do also Haller's and Oeder's Apple mosses. The Lurid Apple moss has the fruit-stalk suddenly bent at the neck, and the roundish urn elegantly striped. The Naked Apple moss (*Disceium nudum*) is distin-

guished by a large conical lid, and long awl-shaped veil.

The Cone Fringe moss has a lid half as long as the urn; it is only found on the summits of the Scotch mountains.

I was well satisfied with my success; yet, though eager to claim Marian's congratulations, the beauty of that September day tempted me to wander aimlessly hither and thither upon the moor. Now and then a distant gun bore evidence that the partridges had not entirely drawn away the foe from the grouse; and still, as I roamed, the birds rose from among the ling and fled, uttering noisy cries. The hills basked in broad sunshine, across which cloud-shadows sailed like ships along a golden sea; and not a sound was heard from the valley, though a number of heavy wagons, laden with ore, were descending into it from the opposite hills. While thus lingering, my eye suddenly fell on a clump of moss, thickly set with cylinder-shaped urns. Upon stooping to gather it, I found it was growing upon sheep-manure; the oval-pointed leaves were spreading, and the stems less than half an inch long. The fruitstalk was very long, rather waved, and red; the urn was situated upon a large tubercle; the veil had fallen off. I now hastened home in good earnest, for I wanted to study the Collar moss group, to which I suspected that my new treasure belonged. The tubercle decided the question, that being the leading feature of the Collar mosses.

According to Hooker, the veil in this group is small, cone-shaped, and torn at the base, and the lid convex. I could not judge of either of these particulars, for the fruit of my species was over-ripe, and the veil and the lid had perished (*Splachnum sphaericum*, Fig. 12 and e). There is a Large-fruited Collar moss, growing by springs in mountainous places, and a Flagon-fruited Collar moss, flourishing on manure in low situations. Unfortunately, it was not a cavernous neighbourhood, so I had no chance of finding the Cavern moss (*Schistostega osmundacea*). This moss is of a pale glaucous green, very slender, and not reviving in water after it has been once dried. The urn is very small and oval; it has no fringe, and its tiny veil soon perishes. The delicate young shoots have often been taken for a *Conferva*; they have a refractive power, and on this account are said to illumine the gloomy caverns with a "golden green light." The plant is most frequently found on sand-stone.

Marian joined me as I was placing my new-found treasures in my little collection. She smiled on seeing the Apple mosses. "I knew that they grew on Summer Lodge Bank," she said; but she was surprised with the Collar moss: she had never found that.

"Are you tired?" she asked: "I want a half-hour's stroll; we might visit the little wood which the brook runs through."

Declaring I was equal to any amount of exercise, we once more set out together.

"I feel in honour bound to conduct you to a new moss," she said, "because you have come out on my account; but the occasion only warrants my finding you a very little one. Have you at all

studied the characteristics of the Flat Fork moss group?"

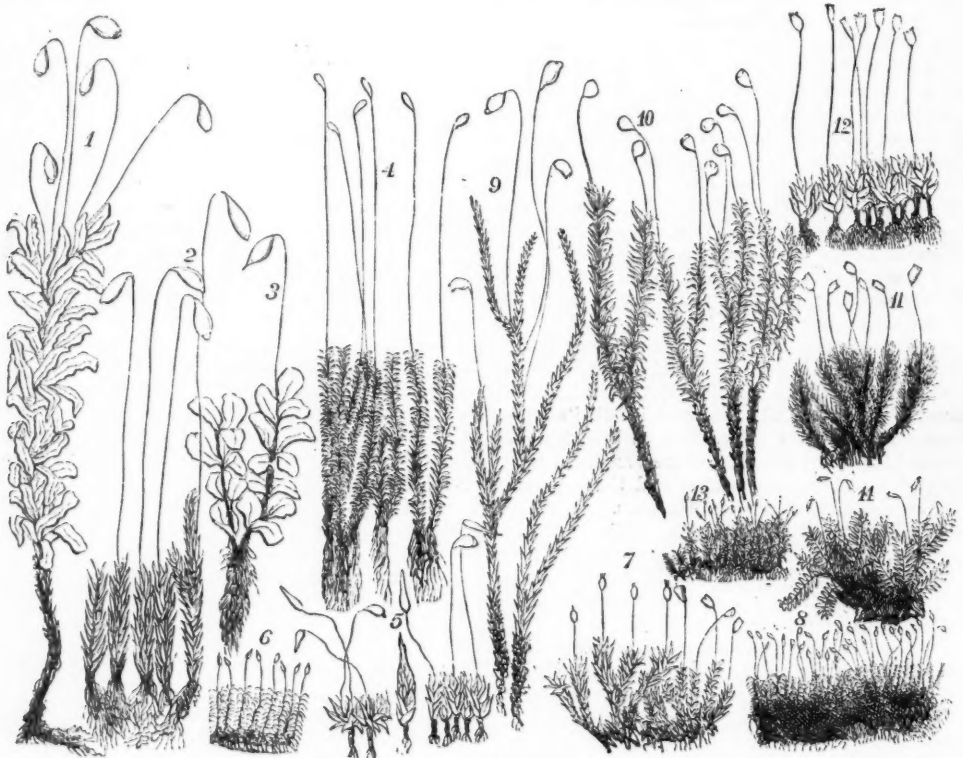
"They are very small plants," I replied, "with the leaves placed alternately on either side the stem, so as to be flat before and behind, something like minute ferns. The urn is oval, sometimes erect, but more often with its head a little bent; the lid is shaped like a mitre; but the most attractive part is the crimson fringe. I found one with fruit ripe in January last, in Kent. I did not then know its name or relations; but I was examining it afresh the other day; and by the thick border to its leaves, its fruitstalks springing from the top of the stem, and its long lid, I decided that it must be the Common Flat Fork moss (*Fissidens bryoides*, Fig. 13 and 14)."

"I believe you are right," my cousin rejoined. "There are several other species with the fruitstalk springing from the end of the stem: the Slender Flat Fork moss, the Green Flat Fork moss, the Alpine Flat Fork moss, and the Fern-like Flat Fork moss. All these bear their fruit in winter. I am now going to present you with the Yew-leaved Flat Fork moss, which bears its fruit on stalks springing from the sides of the branches. You see a number of stems rise from one base, and extend on every side in a half-procumbent manner; the urn is turned to one side, and, though you cannot see it thus late in the year, the lid is nearly

as long as the capsule, and the veil is white (*Fissidens taxifolius*, Fig. 14). This moss ripens its fruit in March. Nearly allied to this is the Marsh Flat Fork moss, whose branches creep to the extent of one or two inches; and the Short-leaved Flat Fork moss, which prefers fallow ground.

"The chief interest that attaches to these delicate little mosses arises from the fact that Mungo Park gathered specimens of them in the interior of Africa, which specimens are in the hands of the authors of 'Systematic English Botany.'\* It is supposed that he referred to one of these plants when he relates that, in a moment of despair, having abandoned himself to death, and believing that the care of God's providence was no longer extended over him, the extraordinary beauty of a very small moss caught his eye. He looked at its exquisite workmanship, wondered at its adaptation to the barren home where it was placed, and a train of softening thought swept over him, analogous to the reasoning of the All-wise Teacher, 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?' The voice of God reached the traveller's heart by means of this diminutive plant, and he arose armed with fresh courage, and went on his way relying on his Lord."

\* The specimens of Mungo Park are a variety of *Fissidens bryoides* of Wilson (*Dicranum bryoides* of elder botanists). See "Leisure Hour," No. 300.



1. Long-leaved Thyme Thread moss. 2. Swan-necked Thyme Thread moss. 3. Dotted Thyme Thread moss. 4. Drooping-leaved Thread moss. 5. Common Cord moss. 6. Curved-leaved Beardless moss. 7. Common Bladder moss. 8. Fallow-field Bladder moss. 9. Fountain Apple moss. 10. Common Apple moss. 11. Straight-leaved Apple moss. 12. Round-fruited Collar moss. 13. Common Flat Fork moss. 14. Yew-leaved Flat Fork moss.